

piloted a heavy load). The Mission stands on the brow of a headland that faces a wide stretch, half lake, half swamp lying between the two Wapuskaw lakes. It consists of a compact square log building of two stories, containing within its four walls, Indian hall, school room, study, sitting room, kitchen, and good bedrooms upstairs. Two or three acres of ground around the house have been cleared and fenced. This Mission stands in the very heart of a country difficult of access and entirely the home of the Indians. At present, seventeen children (Indians), are boarded, clothed and instructed, who, thanks to the unwearied efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, assisted by Miss S. Weaver, present a picture of health and contentment. Soon after my arrival, acquaintances made last year kept coming in to greet me, to hear about the journey and to listen to words of Christian counsel. I am thankful to find that some of the most reliable men with their families have rallied round our Mission. Two Sundays were spent here and points visited on both lakes, through the kindness of Sam Johnston, formerly of St. Peter's Indian Reserve on the Red River and now a fur-trader. He drove me with his own dogs, and though he is a fast traveller, yet it took us a day and a half to accomplish these expeditions, hold a service at each place and return. Considering the constant claims of his own business, it was a pleasing evidence of the interest he takes in the spread of the Gospel among the Indians.

I engaged Colin as my guide on my further trip. My cariole could be no longer arranged to provide me with a seat as we had to pack our fish, bedding and provisions for more than a week on it. I had my Louchoo snow-shoes and we started about 1 p.m., Jan. 25th, from Wapuskaw on the three days' journey that should bring us to Trout Lake. A bright sun and a keen north westerly wind made a snow-shoe tramp a pleasure and I went on ahead across the lake followed by Colin and the dogs. About sunset we camped among the pine and cotton-wood trees on the margin of a small lake. After supper, before stretching ourselves on the pine brush, we sang to Colin's delight, every hymn we could muster. The thermometer was some 40 deg. below zero. It is curious how outward conditions will sometimes affect one's dreams. Amid all the shifting scenes through which I wandered in my sleep a sense of somehow being cold was always there. Then my dreams took a spring-like aspect, I seemed to hear the sound of running water and the haunting cold was banished. I awoke to find my attendant up and preparing breakfast before a roasting fire whose heat had driven the piercing cold a little back.

The meal despatched, the load made up and the dogs harnessed, we started a good two hours before daylight. A waning moon threw a cold dim light over the surface of the lake as I snow-shoed ahead. By its light I could barely detect the slight indications in the drift marking the trail we were following. I had the start of quite half a mile and so could realise the oppressive silence. No wind stirred, all was still as death. It was with a sense of relief one marked the glimmering dawn in the eastern sky. For a little while the cold grew more intense, and then gradually yielded before the combined influences of the sun and a breeze from the south. During the earlier part of the day we crossed three lakes of no great size. Later on we reached higher ground and the eye was pleased with Park-like stretches dotted with pine and cypre and free from underbrush. As we ascended, the woods got denser, branches heavily laden with snow bowed over the slight trail. In places they actually formed tunnels just admitting the dogs and sleigh, but sometimes compelling the bipeds to crawl gingerly through on all fours in fear of a perfect avalanche of snow. Then penetrating dense thickets of scrub, jack pine growing so close that in places it looked impossible to push between. Glints of sunshine penetrating the long drawn aisles seemed all the pleasanter because of the cold dark shade that prevailed. The tracks both of moose and deer were fairly numerous here. We reached "Trout" lake the afternoon of the next day.

(To be continued.)

#### GENERAL ITEMS.

In a review of the legislative Acts passed during Queen Victoria's reign, says the *Church of England Sunday-School Teachers' Magazine*, one is struck with the efforts which have been made to improve the condition of children. The laws which have been enacted on their behalf include protection to children in factories, in mines, in brickfields, in chimneys, on canals, and in agricultural gangs; to children of paupers; to apprentices on the high seas; to street-beggars and hawkers; to child acrobats; to children in pantomimes, and children in dangerous performances; to criminal and semi-criminal children; to children ill-treated and starved in the houses of the drunkard, of the idle, of the vicious, and of the tyrannical parent. It is a splendid list, and it is well that the people should be reminded what were the conditions of child-life, as found by Her Majesty on her accession to the throne, and as they are at the commemoration of the sixtieth year of her reign.